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FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

PIGMENTS USED BY CHILDREN IN THEIR PLAY.—From an interesting article on childish sports with plants and flowers, entitled "Nature's Play-things," by Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen, of Cambridge, Mass., contained in the "Evening Transcript," Boston, Mass., April 6, 1895, we extract the following paragraphs:—

"One of the most widely spread and most fascinating play-labors among children is the making of inks or paints. The common pigweed (*Chenopodium album*) was very commonly used in our neighborhood to make a feeble green liquid. I don't remember that we ever really used it or attempted to use it, but I well recall gathering the leaves, tying up a handful of them at a time in a cloth and bruising them between two stones until by moistening the whole and squeezing we could obtain a small quantity of pale green juice. I have worked hours at a time at this pounding, squeezing, straining, and bottling to secure a small vial of the 'ink,' and felt at the end as if I had been successfully and usefully employed. I wonder if with the laying aside of childish things we always leave off the manufacture of pigweed ink? Pokeberry juice made a much richer ink and with less trouble, but on account of the reputed poisonous character of the empurpled fruit it was not very popular. Now and then some daring country schoolboy or girl did cautiously secure enough pokeberry ink to paint on the fly-leaf of a schoolbook a much conventionalized raceme of berries that, I fancy, was meant to picture the fruit from which the limner derived his color. I never saw the design elsewhere or done otherwise than with the juice pressed from the somewhat despised pokeberry. Children generally are as fond of staining their hands and faces brown with walnut juice as were the charmingly natural young dwellers in 'A Boy's Town.' The orange paint yielded by the roots of the bloodroot leads more boys to seek the plant than do the fleeting flowers, white beyond the white of most blossoms. A boy fortunate enough to possess a piece of red ochre, commonly known as keel, in my day a thing of almost priceless value in the schoolboy market, could manage any decoration calling for red or orange without the trouble of digging fresh bloodroot. He who had a bit of keel, however small, in his pocket had a treasure. I don't know why it was such a rarity. Any gravel bed was likely to supply the boy who sought the crude material, and every farmer who kept a crayon of the bought article for marking his sheep, for keeping tally at threshing time or for unexpected reckonings in the barn, where a board or the side of the barn served for slate, might easily have enriched his boys with a fragment of the coveted pigment."

VIOLET FIGHTS. — Mrs. Bergen proceeds to give an account of this pastime, which we have not before seen fully explained.

"What armies of blue violets are annually sacrificed by little people in the 'violet-fights.' Two children provide themselves with a goodly pile of these flowers, which they have purposely plucked with long stems, each combatant holds his posy by the stem, the two spurs are interlocked, then